



William Klett

Born into a family of scientists, mostly biologists, I rebelled and pursued humanities at Jamestown College. Philosophy, literature, history and lots of languages, which led to foreign travel and studies in French Canada, Europe, Mexico. Of course I fell in love with all the exotica: the food and wine, the art and architecture, the fascinating women. But at Georgetown University's Foreign Service Program I discovered that I was allergic to neckties and the people who wear them; at the Universities of North Dakota and Basel that German and French literature may be lovely, but literary criticism is hideously boring. Fortunately about that time I was caught in a great blizzard on the Dakota prairie. Among those with whom I was marooned for three days was a beekeeper. That led to a season of honey production in Saskatchewan, followed by the beginning of an apprenticeship in queen rearing the following spring with the Gunter organization in Texas. Having thus contracted the disease, I abandoned myself to it and have specialized in queen breeding ever since. For the past 35 years my lovely wife, Wendy, and I have plied that trade in SE Texas. Our two children began participating once they were old enough to grasp hive tools. We also attempt summer honey production in the Heart of Darkness, which is what the northern Great Plains have become to pollinating insects.